STANLEY IN PARIS

The Discoverer of Livingstone Feted in the Capital of Fair France.

THE LION OF THE DAY.

What the Figare, Soir, Gaulois and Republique Francaise Say About Him.

HIS BREAKFAST WITH SHERMAN.

The Bygone Times of the Old and Young Heroes Recalled.

STANLEY BANQUET.

Mr. Stanley Tells His Own Story of His Herald Mission Into Africa.

THE FINDING OF LIVINGSTONE

Just Tribute to the Correspondent and Hearty Recognition of the Herald Enterprise.

Henry M. Stanley, correspondent of the New York Herald is to-day the lion of the great city of Paris. Fresh from the jungles and swamps and marshes of Central Africa, that strange and mysterious country, as full of danger and wild and ful romance as any fabled land of antiquity: fresh from combats with its savage inhabitants. Its lions and tigers, and its equally savage human beasts but above all, fresh from the society of the far ed Dr. Livingstone, so oft reported dead, so oft resuscitated, and killed over again; bringing news from him, messages from him, letters written by his own hand—he is sought nored, feted, talked about in way that will turn his head if he has a head capa ble of being turned. It is no easy thing to get the ondon and Paris worlds talking about you for days, but that is what Stanley has accomplished, ch to his own surprise, too, apparently. He has een in Paris now about a week, and during the whole of that time he has had scarcely a moment's rest. All sorts of people call and ask to be presented him. He is overwhelmed with invitations, a tithe of which he would not be able to accept were he to remain here a year. He is interrupted by news paper reporters, importuned by correspondents of the pictorials for sketches and scenes from his travels, and generally lionized that has astonished him an extent beyond measure. For the poor man did not know he had done anything so extraordinary until he got out of the wilds of Africa and found that the whole civilized world was ringing with his exploits. THE FRENCH PAPERS

are full of gossip concerning him; and, as usual, when talking about anything or anybody not of their own country, make all sorts of funny and amusing

The Soir, for instance, announced the arrival of coverer of Dr. Livingstone in Paris as Lord Stanley, son of the great Lord Derby, who, at the instigation of the New York Herald, "notre confrère fameux," nobly undertook to find great traveller, and, finally, after eard-of difficulties succeeded, to which were added many details and particulars of an equally reliable and astonishing nature. The Figuro came out next day and declared the whole thing to be canard of the most stupendous proportions. It declared that Lord Stanley being the son of the late Lord Derby, now deceased, had succeeded to his father's name and title; that consequently there was no Lord Stanley, and therefore the whole story as well as the report of the discovery of Dr. Liv ingstone was an immense hoax. The Floure has itself mentioned so many canards that its faith in therefore wofully imposed on, as it soon found out. The next day the Gaulois and the République Française came out in long articles, poked fun at the Figaro and the Soir, showed up their absurd mistakes, made some of their own almost as bad, and gave, respectively, a glowing account of the expedition, in which the courage and energy of Mr. Stanley and the enterprise of Mr. James Gor don Bennett, notre Mustrieux confrère, were ex

STANLEY'S MARCH TO UJUL. Stanley suddenly finds himself a great man; nor the carping criticism of the London Spectator, that hopes no great good from the expedition; nor the absurd doubts of the Standard will prevent all honor being accorded him or detract one iota his meed of glory. And Stanley merits i all. That march of a thousand miles through the jungles and swamps and marshes of Southern Africa, over mountains that had never yet been scaled by any white man who had ever come back to tell the tale, through forests dense and dark, and dank with the heavy vegetation of a tropical clime: inhabited only by savages, wild beasts, venomous insects and monster serpents, and the still more ferocious cannibal negro; crossing rivers whose swift-rushing currents made it almost impossible to pass them; wading for hours, for miles and miles through swamps and marshes, rank with their dark. slimy vegetation, waist deep with the green, flithy, staguant, stinking water that poisoned the very air. Again, across arid, thirsty, burning plains and deserts, right under the equator, where the sun pours down his burning rays, withering up every living thing with his flery eye; making his own roads, finding his own provisions, fighting his own battles; now making war with his little army against some hostile chief who refuses to let him pass, now employing all the arts and seductions of an old and experienced diplomat to accomplish his purpose; again quelling a mutiny among his own men; fording rivers, scaling mountains, passing defiles, threading narrow forest paths, dark with the luxurious vegetation and beset with danger at every step; but, worst of all, struggling in the continual, unceasing grasp of an enemy more deadly than the coils of the slimy boa constrictor, more ruthless than the fangs of the African tiger, more fatal than the poisoned shafts of the canni bal negroes—an enemy that racks the bones and dries up the blood and crazes the brain with his flery breath, and reduces in a few hours a hale, hearty man to a mere "ruckie of bones"—the terrible swamp fever of Central Africa. This malaria. this miasm of the marshes, is something dreadful. It rises from the putrid, stinking, filthy water, rife with the seeds of death, and hangs over the country in the form of a dense, but invisible, fog. thickening and poisoning the atmosphere like the plague and rendering life impossible to any but the trongest animal organization. One can under stand the success of such an expedition when un dertaken in a country where this enemy has not to be met. With good health, a sound body and a clear head insured to him, anybody might carry it to a successful conclusion. But far different is it when laboring under the continual attacks of this insidious enemy, with the frame reduced to a mere skeleton, the blood boiling with fever, the brain in a whirl, delirium with all its horrors ever threatening, and to preserve through it all sufficient energy to command 140 wild negroes and Arabs, to keep them in subjection, to crush every attempt at mutiny, to keep on the march through days and

weeks and months of sickness and fatigue-then is

the wonderful part of the story. And then to have

found Livingstone. To have undertaken a project in which the Royal Geographical Society of London, backed by the ready purses of the whole English nation, had failed; that the mighty English govern-ment had pronounced impossible; for a simple newspaper reporter to carry it out to a successful conclusion, while the government and the Royal Geographical Society and the whole English nation were talking about it, is it not worthy of all praise? And will it not rank with Kane's expedition to the North Arctic regions, Bonaparte's passage of the Alps, Hannibal's march upon Rome,

nerman's march to the sea ? HIS BREAKPAST WITH WASHBURNE AND TALK WITH GENERAL SHERMAN. The day after his arrival he was invited to breakfast by Mr. Washburne, and found a small but select company assembled to meet and welcome him, among whom was General Sherman. The General, without ever suspecting that they had met before, was delighted at the opportunity thus offered of talking to a man who had been the leader of one of the most remarkable search expeditions ever undertaken, and they were soon engaged in an animated conversation relating to the interior of Africa. Sherman was interested in every detail given by Mr. Stanley, followed with a breathless interest every incident and every phase of the interesting story and became as absorbed in this romantic history as though it had been a new and brilliant campaign of which he then for the first time was learning the details. Their heads together, leaning over the maps, Stanley pointed out to him his course from Zanzibar, explaining as he went along the nature of the country and the peculiarities of the vegetation, the curios ties of the animal kingdom, the courses of the rivers, the means employed to cross them, the disposition of the natives, their costumes, manner of warfare, types to be seen among them, their villages, how he paid his passage through some, fought his way through others, stole through others again at dead of night like a robber; how he made war on one chief with out success, what detours he was obliged to make to get around the country occupied by him, how he came upon other tribes that were at war and was again and again obliged to go back and go around to the right and the left and wind about in all conceivable directions through swamps, jungles and marshes; the death of the two with him, his hours and days of fever and de lirium, when the world seemed to whirl around his throbbing brain as around an axis, and nepeared to his feverish vision as one jumbled, undistinguishable mass of objects, without consistency treachery of others, the long night watches, when he could trust to nothing for his safety but his trusty revolver, until at last, after five months of weary marching under a tropical sun, he arrived within sight of Ujiji worn out, broken down, dis couraged, without having found the least trace of the man he was looking for. The sudden intelli-gence that he was in the same village with Livingstone, the meeting and formal introduction and bows, the stream of conversation, of questions and answers, broken by exclamations that followed once the flood gates were opened; the meals taken on the veranda of Livingstone's house, with thousands of wondering natives gathered around, looking on in astonishment at the second white man they had ever beheld. All this interspersed personal adventure and explanations upon the map, commentaries and questions on the part of the keen-eyed old hero, and related by the principal actor in it, formed a story and a scene rarely equalled in interest even by the most sensa tional romances of Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins. Then, with Stanley's great maps before us, we explored the shores of the Lake Tanganyika we sailed past the "New York Herald Islets;" we ascended the famous Chambesl; settled forever the problem of its direction: visited Lake Lincoln, and thought it was meet and just that the man who here in Central Africa, at the sources of the grand

ing his story, both leaning over the map on which Stanley had traced all his sinuous wanderings. "It is a great thing," said Mr. Washourne. only know of one other great expedition brought to so successful a termination."

old Nile, have his memory embalmed and

being borne by one of the springs that supply its

waters. It was interesting and curious to watch

the old hero and the young in conversation-the

one with his sharp, keen eye and quick, apprecia

tive mind, grasping details, foreseeing events and often eagerly anticipating the story and hurrying

on to the point where the whole interest is con

somehow reminding one of General Sheridan, and

his tawny complexion and quiet voice, calmly tell-

"That is Sherman's March to the Sea," replied Mr. Washburne.

was easy in comparison to this march to the centre of Africa and back,"

"What is that?" asked Sherman.

remarked Stanley. "By the way, do you remember ever meeting me before?"

Whereupon Stanley commenced and repeated a speech of some minutes in length, a speech evidently meant for the red men, for it was full of highflown metaphors and contained reference to "fire water," "the Great Spirit," "our brother," the "pale face," "our Father in Washington" and a variety of other subjects in which the Indian is supposed to be particularly interested.
"Why, that's a speech I made some years ago to

the Sioux Indians while out on the Plains. you there?"

the HERALD, and, to tell you the truth, I have had occasion to repeat your speech, almost verbatim. more than once to the negroes of Central Africa. "Well," said Sherman, "I would never have recognized you, and certainly never expected to see in that HERALD reporter the future discoverer of Dr. Livingstone."

Some people nave said that General Sherman is crazy. If he has any weakness in that way it must be, like Moitke, on the subject of maps. A bit of paper, covered over with marks representing mountains and rivers, and roads and woods, and land and water, possesses for him untold attrac-tions. One scarcely ever meets him now without a map in his hand, and I have no doubt that he finds more pleasure in contemplating one than he would in a Rubens or a Raphael. The latter are good enough in their way, but give him for rea beauty a man of the world large enough to cover the wall of his room. As a matter of course, then, he asked Stanley for a map, and as a matter o course Stanley was only too happy to give him a copy of one he and Livingstone had made them selves while in the wilds of Central Africa, and they separated with mutual expressions of satis-

faction and good will.

THE STANLEY BANQUET.

For some days preparations were being made by the prominent Americans here, principal among whom was Mr. Washburne, to give Mr. Stanley a dinner such as would have gladdened his heart could he have eaten it in the wilds of Africa, and three days ago he accordingly received the follow-

THE AMERICANS' INVITATION.
PARIS, July 29, 1872.

THE AMERICANS' INVITATION.

HENRY M. STANLEY, ESQ.:—

SIR—The undersigned, your American fellow citizens, temporarily sojourning in Paris, have heard with great pleasure of your safe arrival in this city, after the accomplishment of an object which has challenged the deepest interest throughout the civilized world.

In order to testify our high appreciation of the indomitable courage, energy and perseverance which crowned with such brilliant success your efforts to find Dr. Livingstone, as well as to express our sense of the enterprise and liberality of the NEW YORK HERALD In sending you forth on such an extraordinary mission, we beg of you to afford us the pleasure of meeting you at a dinner to be given at such a time as will best suit your convenience. We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants.

E. B. Washburne, George S. Hartsuff, L. P. Graham, Henry A. Stone, O. Hopkinson, John Munroe, F. Biake, Jr., N. H. Swayne, L. H. Bigland, Frank Moore, James W. Tucker, G. N. Kettle, J. H. Hayes, W. E. Johnston, M. D.;

nts,
George S. Hartsuff,
L. P. Graham,
O. Hopkinson,
F. Blake, Jr.,
L. H. Bigland,
J. M. Macias,
G. F. T. Reed,
G. N. Kettle,
W. E. Johnston, M. D.;
John Love, John Love, E. W. Pike,

Elliot C. Cowdin,
A. Pollok,
J. B. Kiddoo,
T. R. Sullivan,
H. Keene,
Charles Legny,
George P. A. Healy,
R. W. James,
H. A. Johnson,
John Russell Young,
John Russell Young, George K. Leet, George H. Reay, D. H. Wickham, Paul S. Forbes, D. D. Home, T. T. Pratt,

A. Van Bergen,
G. B. Shattuck,
John W. Crane,
W. H. Huntington,
E. W. Hitchcock,
W. H. Vesey,
Henry Woods,
E. B. Russel,
William J. Florence,
J. T. Perry,
G. C. Webb,
Maurice Strakosch,
C. C. Sehgman,
Lornilard Spencer,
Henry Trumbull,
E. R. Andrews,
William Young,
J. A. Moisin,
L. P. Dewey,
Charles W. Elliot,
Nathan Appleton,
Mr. Blowitz,
Mr. Austin,
Theodore Braine,
O. J. W. Mintzer,
Tracy Thornton.

STANLEY'S REPLY.

To which Mr. Stanley replied as follows:—

HOTEL DU HELDER, PARIS, July 30, 1872.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your letter of this date, asking me to accept the compilment of a dinner from my compatriots and friends now resident in Paris, to be given in acknowledgment of the "enterprise and liberality of the New York Hebritan" in sending out an expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, as well as of the extraordinary good fortune and perfect success which, under Providence, attended the footsteps of the expedition I had the honor to command. Gentlemen, believe me, I am deeply conscious of the great honor you would do me, and through me not only to the journal I have the pleasure of serving, but to the patient, resolute, brave and Christian gentleman whom I left in Central Africa. I therefore gladiy accept your invitation, and shall be pleased to meet you July 31 at any house or place that may be deemed most convenient. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient and humble servant.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To His Excellency E. B. WASHBURNE, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, and many others.

The Hotel Chatum was fixed on as the place of neeting and eight o'clock the hour. The dining hall, which is on the ground floor of the hotel, was ornamented in the most beautiful manner by a perfect forest of flowers, which, as seen through the glass walls of the hall, on the side next court, presented a most fairy-like and enchanting appearance. At least so seemed to think a large and respectable crowd that gathered in the court of the hotel and watched the proceedings through the glass doors and listened to all the speeches with untiring vigilance during the whole evening. There were nearly one hundred gentlemen present, the most burne, Mr. W. Vesey, United States Consul at Nice: General Love, of Indiana; General Kiddoo, Mr. Young, late proprietor of the Albion; Mr. William Bowles, Mr. John Russell Young, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, Colonel Moore, W. J. Florence, the comedian; Mr. Home, &c., &c. After grace had been said by the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, who made some feeling allusions to the trials through which their guest had passed, the Chairman, Mr. Washburne, rose and addressed the company as follows:-

and passed, the Chairman, Mr. Washburne, rose and addressed the company as follows:—

MR WASHBURNE'S SPECH.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS—Some three years ago our distinguished guest, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who was then, as now, the correspondent of the New York Herald, was in Europe. He was then, as now, a young man, who had been schooled in the best fields of newspaper enterprise, not only in our own country, but in another hemisphere. He had been on the press in New York city, and in the West, in Chicago and in St. Louis, and most likely in Galena. (Laughter.) He had been a war correspondent at home, and had been with Grant, and Sherman, and Halleck, and Terry. He had also been a war correspondent at home, and had been with Grant, and Sherman, and Halleck, and Terry. He had also been a war correspondent aboud, and had followed the Abyssimian expedition, and won fresh laureis by his activity, enterprise and intelligence. The managing editor of the Herald, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr.—(applause)—was in Paris at that time. A great English travelier and explorer had disappeared in the wids of Africa, and the curiosity of mankind was excited to know what fate had befallen him. Nothing definite could be found out in regard to him. All efforts failed. With the enterprising genius which beiongs to an American journalist Mr. Bennett conceived the idea of sending, at his own expense, Mr. Stanley, single handed and alone, to find br. Livingstone, the long-lost travelier. (Cheers.) Our guest was sent for to come hastily to Paris from Spain, and he met Mr. Bennett in his room at his hotei after he had retired for the night. A conversation of five minutes completed the business, and the journalist summed up his instructions to his correspondent about this way:—"You shall have an unlimited credit; find Livingstone." That brief and sententious and effective speech reminds us of what took place between Grant and Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah. After Sheridan had explained his plans his chief only sancted mind the coast of Africa, organizing his expedition. From there he crosses over to Bagomoyo and then heads for Unyamyembe, a little pleasure trip of some three months, I believe. This long march had been terrible, and had brought with it sickness, discouragement and demoralization. But it was always "On Stanley, on," (langhter) and with unsatigned constants. Stanley, on"—(laughter)—and with unsubdued cour-age. It could truly be said of our guest at this

No danger daunted And no labors tired

And I think it was from here, sir, you bid the civilized world farewell, until, as you expressed it, you should see the "old man face to face or bring back his bones." And, as i understand, it was from here that your great troubles oegan. You found yourself in a deadiy climate, struggling in jungles and in fastnesses, amid wild and hostite savages at war with each other; you were scorched by an African sun, bringing burning fever and wild delirium, but on you went. You cut through forests and you passed over mountains; you fought battles and you won victories; you gave fight to the great Mirambo, the chief of the Wamogus—(laughter)—who concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and retired, realizing there, no doubt, in the centre of Africa, the full force of the couplet:— He who fights and rous away Will live to fight another day

valor" and retired, realizing there, no doubt, in the centre of Africa, the full force of the couplet:

He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.

And then you appear to have commenced a great flanking operation in getting outside of Mirambo's dominions, and I think you must have gathered some experience in that business in Grant's great campaign of the Whiderness, (Cheers.) And your experiences at home must have been useful to you in other respects, for I was greatly amused at breakfast the other day to hear you tell General Sherman that you had occusion to make the same speech to a wild African chief that you had heard him make in camp at Fort Laramie to a chief of the Arapahoes. (Laughter.) We follow you with breathless interest and become excited as you approach Ujil, on the banks of the Tanganyika, and we participate in the feeling of hope that you had that you might there hear something of the object of your long and grievous search. We see your brave little party enter the village, sick, ragged, worn down, emaciated, drums beating and flags flying. But the flag still highest in sir was the starry banner of our own Republic—(long continued cheering)—that emblem of our nation's glory and grandeur, respected and honored everywhere by Christian civilization, and saluted with reverence even in the wilds of Africa. (Great applause.) Our interest intensifies when we find that there is a white man in Ujil, and we participate in your joy when you step out from among your Arabs and address this white man—"Dr. Livingstone, I believe?" And we throw up our hats when we see a smile light up the features of the brave old man, and when he answers, "That is my name, sir." (Applause.) That was an introduction worth having, and which must become historical. We congratulate you, Mf. Stanley, on the glorious success that has crowned your efforts and your labors. We pay a respectful homage to your courage, your energy, your fidelity and your perseverance in overcoming all obstacles in your path. (Great cheer

courage, his energy and his fidelity. We rejoice in the triumphant success of his mission, which has gained him imperishable renown and conferred ad-ditional credit on the American name. We cordially welcome him on his return, and "may he live long and prosper." (Great applause.)

welcome him on his return, and "may be live long and prosper." (Great applause.)

MR STANLEY'S SPECH.

Mr. STANLEY responded to the toast in a speech in which he narrated the incidents of his expedition from the period at which Mr. James Gordon Bennett gave nim his first instructions down to the discovery of Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of Africa. His adventures were related in an easy, unembarrassed, conversational style, occasionally interrupted by bursts of natural eloquence, which held his auditors spell-bound. He said that the expedition which had procured him the honor of their approbation was not the first thing of the kind which he had attempted in the service of the New York Herald. He had accompanied the gallant army of Abyssinia as far as Magdala, and they all knew how the enterprise of that journal had been rewarded by his being able to flash over the wires the news of the triumph that had been accomplished there. (Applause.) He subsequently assisted at another triumph of civilization—a victory of mind over matter—the conquest effected by Lesseps over the sandy dunes and expanses of the Suez Isthmus. (Applause.) He had explored the great mysterious Nile, the temples that dominated its shores, and the grand old granite and syenite statues that guarded the sacred precincts up as far as the fanes of holy Philic, the gloomy aisies of the great Luxor, and the sad, tuneful Memon tracing the history of Egypt from the glorious days of Sesostris down to the deep degradation of Mameluke times and its uprise again to the does and to them upon that occasion on the relics of refined art which he had found in Greece, nor to warm up their religious sentiments by speaking to them of Jerusalem and Nazareth. Nor would be detain them by telling what he had seen in Spain, Italy and in the land of Hadz and Saadi. The rude Caucasus and India must be passed by. No more of these, he said; but, gentlemen, animated by your friendship, encouraged by the sentiment which led you to compliment the enterprise and liberality of th duced Mr. James Gordon Rennett to send relief to a good old man aimost perising on the shores of the Tanganyika and to get news the world so much desired, I will proceed to touch upon a few brief points which I know will not be devoid of interest on the present occasion. (Applause.) Do you know what Zanzibar is? I am sure I did not. I had not the slightest idea what sort of place it was. It is a gem of the ocean. You find there one of the most attractive of islands, laved by the most sparkling of seas, warmed by rich sunlight and verdurous beyond imagination. Do you know what Africa is—that portion of Africa to which our attention is now drawn? Its coasts, even while you look on it as you approach its shores, fascinate the imagination. I remember even now the ardent hopes that sprang up as I gazed upon it. How grand appeared those groves of graceful-topped palms, how mysterious it heaved the island swells towed the work of the control of from the heart of Africa. I vowed I would bring nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth, for this was a case where there was no necessity for exaggeration. I wished to bring home facts; you see yourseives how they have stirred the hearts of nations. Those tiny flags, embiens of governments and nations, unite in praise of them. Seldom was there such unammity upon any one topic as on that of Livingstone. The story of your reception of his words, of your gathering together around such a hospitable board to praise the liberality of the young gentleman who sent me to find him, will be young gentleman who sent me to find him, will be very attractive and interesting to him. (Applause.) I know well how pleased he will be; his is a heart to be touched by it. Permit me, in his name, and on behalf of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, to thank you for your kind impulse, and for the interest you have manifested in myself accept my deep and sincere gratitude. (Great applause.) had concluded Mr. Washburne said he was

certain the company had in their minds the gentleman who had set on foot the expe-dition, and who had furnished the sinews of war to carry it successfully forward. He would, therefore, propose "Mr. James Gerdon Bennett, Jr., the eminent journalist, who conceived the idea of sending Stanley to find Livingstone, and whose unbounded liberality sustained an undertaking the success of which has given to his journal a still more world-wide reputation." This toast was received with immense and long-continued applause. There were two HERALD correspondents besides Mr. Stanley, but with the proverbial modesty which has ever distinguished Herald correspondents, they both declined to make a speech, averring that they were readler with the pen than with the tongne, and that their province was reporting other people, not themselves.

other people, not themselves.

MR. RYAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Ryan, of the American Register, therefore responded to the toast by expressing the gratification which he felt at finding one of his old associates and co-laborers meeting with the reward to which his energy and daring justly entitled him. It was unnecessary for him to say more in regard to Mr. Stanley. Other speakers were prepared to dilate on the subject of his expedition. As to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., no one admired more than he did the sagacity and power of initiation which were marking his course, and which had resulted in such brilliant successes as the Abyssinian expedition and the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. At the same time it was due to the memory of the great journalist, his father, to say that it was to the training which he had received from him that he owed the development of those qualities. (Applause.) The same might be said of their distinguished guest, who had caught the spirit of enterprise and contempt for difficulties which were characteristic of Mr. Bennett, Sr. (Applause.) As to himself, he (Mr. Ryan) could say that if he were good- for anything in his profession he owed it entirely to the severe training which he had received in the HeralDestablishment, and to his becoming thoroughly imbured with the ideas of the greatest journalist and greatest worker of his time. (Applause.)

reatest worker of his time. (Applause.)

After this speeches were made by General Kiddoo, General Love, Mr. Young, Dr. Austen, of the London Times, and Mr. Crawford, of the Daily

You have been good enough, sir, to toast me as an Englishman. A countryman of the illustrious Livingstone by descent, as I am proud to own—born in England, but with my dearest affections and all my worldly interests vested in your fortunate land—I am sometimes almost puzzled as to my nationality. Yet on this occasion I could well wish myself a John Buil, pure and simple, that I might with better grace offer my tribute of warm admiration and profound gratitude to the gentleman who is the guest of the evening. I am not, indeed, authorized to speak on behalf of others; but, if I know anything of my countrymen, I am certain that my eelings represent these of our universal public,

and that they will care little for the difficulties that have arisen concerning Dr. Kirk and his conduct. These may well be left to the members of Mr. Stanley's own profession, so numerously gathered around this table. Many a good squabble they will have over what was done and what was left undone. For my own part, as a retired journalist, I have leisure and inclination to look above and beyond these comparatively trifling disputes. It is to the future, sir, that I turn my regards, as I think over what there remains for the enterprising genius of a Bennett to map out and the persevering energy of a Stanley to accomplish. And there seem to me to be three great discoveries still to be undertaken for the benefit of mankind and the further glory of the New York Herald. Can you not, in the first place, fancy Mr. James Gordon Bennett summoning by telegraph Mr. Stanley to his presence, and asking him in the coolest way in the world whether he believes in the existence of a veritable North Pole? The reply is "Yes," of course. "Can you discover it?" is the rejoinder, to which Mr. Stanley answers with his habitual modesty: "I don't know, sir; but I'll try." "All right," says Mr. Bennett: "go aheaa; you shall have unlimited credit; find the Pole, and hoist the Stars and Stripes upon it!" I leave you to judge, gentlemen, whether the thing will be done. Again, can you not fancy Mr. Bennett, sitting quietly on the deck of his yacht, and once more summoning Mr. Stanley to his side? The dialogue between them is, as usual, brief and practical. "Mr. Stanley, do you believe in the great sea serpent?" "I do, sir." "Then go and find him. You can have untimited "Then go and find him. You can have unlimited credit. Twist a cable about his jaws, tow him in from sea and beach him upon the spit of Sandy Hook." Gentlemen, I leave you to determine whether this feat will not also be accomplished. The third and most important of the discoveries yet to be made by this combination of rare enterprise and dauntiess perseverance carries me back to the days when I, too, was in the press, and used, with many others, to shoot puny arrows against the tough and impenetrable shield of the redoubtable New York journal; for Mr. Bennett in this crowning instance is not indebted to his own desire for the diffusion of useful knowledge, but to the marvellous forethought and sagacity of his late father. You must, many of you, often have read the wierd problem propounded in his columns, but remaining to be solved by a Stanley. I give it you in three words, as I resume my seat:—"Who struck Billy Patterson ?"

OTHER PESTIVITIES. Mr. Home delivered a clever dramatic recitation in the course of the evening, and was followed by Mr. W. J. Florence and Mr. Bowles with song and

MR. CRAWFORD'S SPECH.

Mr. Crawford, correspondent of the London Daily News, on his health being proposed by Mr. Washburne, said he felt overwhelmed by the unexpected compliment. The many friends he saw about him understood the French phrase, chaleurouse improvisation, which meant an excellent speech on the sudden, and if that was looked for from him the audience would certainly be disappointed. He would take the opportuity of expressing the pleasure he felt in being among Americans. He beileved that, owing to peculiar circumstances, very few Englishmen knew Americans as well as he did. It had been his privilege to be acquainted with every American Minister in Paris from the time of Mr. Mason downwards. Mr. Bigelo w was one of his dearest friends, and he had successively introduced him to General Dix and Mr. Washburne. In the ever-hospitable drawing rooms of the United States Legation he had for many years met the cilie of American society in Europe and had made many friends. In a peculiar manner, therefore, he shared in the sentiment of rejoicing which had been well expressed by a preceding speaker at the happy issue of the Geneva Conference. As an old journalist of twenty years' standing and a more or less "special" correspondent, he was proud of belonging to the same profession as the guest of the evening, who, by his daring and successful enterprise, had made himself the first "special" in the world. His feelings with regard to the youthful Mr. Stanley, by the side of whom he had the honor of sitting that evening, were akin to those of Salvator Rosa, when, entraneed with admiration and stimulated by the sight of a great masterpleec of a great painter, he exclaimed, "Anch' to sono pittore."

DR. Austin's Speech. MR. CRAWFORD'S SPEECH.

by the sight of a great masterplece of a great painter, he exclaimed, "Anch' to sono pittore," Dr. Austin, of the London Times, made a very neat and appropriate speech, in which he spoke in glowing terms of the energy displayed by Mr. Stanley and the enterprise of the Herald. He said that, according to the proverb that "two in a trade can never agree," he should be jealous of the success of the Herald, but he was not in the least. He only praised the daring of one journalist and the generosity of another, undertaking an expedition, in doing a great thing, which his own paper ought to have done. He said he regretted exceedingly the unfortunate quarrei that seemed inevitable between Dr. Kirk and Dr. Livingstone; but he felt sure that whatever be the result few Englishmen would not refuse the due meed of giory to Mr. Stanley. They had unfortunately in England a few learned geographers and savans, who, jealous of each other as of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, were disposed to induige in carping criticism and fault-finding sneers. These people were, however, few, and he felt sure that the great mass of the Englishmen would rejoice over the success of the expedition as thoroughly as if it had been carried out under the auspices of the English government. It was truly a great deed, worthy of the great journai that had accomplished it.

The company separated at a late, or rather early, hour of the morning, the utmost good humor having heat the content to the great of the company separated at a late, or rather early, hour of the morning, the utmost good humor having heat of the great the characteristic of the creation.

hour of the morning, the utmost good humor hav-ing been the characteristic of the evening. Take most remarkable testimonial and compliment ever rendered to a journalist.

LIVINGSTONE AGAIN.

(From the Evening Mail Angust 17.1 The HERALD to-day gives all the letters sent by Dr. Livingstone to Lord Stanley, Earl Clarendon, Earl Granville and Dr. Kirk, seven in number and mostly very long. Altogether they occupy two moderate-sized volume. These are the letters which Earl Granville certifies to be genuine, after they had passed the severe scrutiny of subordinates in the Foreign Office who were familiar with Dr. Livingstone's handwriting and with all the existing information concerning Africa. This official cer tificate cannot be impugned, and the controversy about the genuineness of the letters may as well

be given up forever.

For ourselves we must say that such decided testimony was not needed. That the letters are not those of the ideal Livingstone who is known through his published works we admit. We have, however, known of more than one instance in which books of travel have acquired a literary finish

which books of travel have acquired a literary finish which their avowed author was incapable of imparting to them; and even were it certain that Dr. Livingstone dispensed with all literary fid, we must not forget that a man who has for years been isolated from civilization and had led such a life as he has would hardly write with the same care and attention to the proprieties as though seated in his own library, with abundant leisure and with favorable surrounding influences.

The letters published in the Hebald to-day will afford abundant opportunities for criticism as to their literary faults, but are none the less interesting or valuable for that. Their very freedom from the constraint of conventionalities gives additional freshness and piquancy to their revelations of interior Africa. The unstudied sentences are full of vitality and give most vivid impressions. Thus, in the letter to Lord Stanley, the explorer takes very few paragraphs to explain some of the difficulties and dangers of African travel, yet the picture is complete.

complete. "Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleric symptoms and loss of flesh," he adds, as we can imagine from the fact that fifty-eight inches of rain had fallen that year up to the middle of July. He found "continued wading in mud grievous" and for the first time his feet failed, irritable ulcers having fastened on each foot.

No wonder that with such and even worse experience he felt like writing to Lord Clarendon in November, 1871.

It seems singular that after so many ages have clapsed the most successful of modern explorers should avow his determination to follow the suggestions given by the father of historians and geographers, Herodotus. But in this he has simply acted as many others have found it wise to act. Successive revelation of the countries described by Herodotus all tend to enhance his reputation for accuracy and judgment. It remains for Lavingstone to furnish further proof that Herodotus had information concerning the interior of Africa which no modern man has been able to acquire. We see nothing inexplicable in the steady determination with which the veteran explorer continues this work. Being a man of firm purpose and unfaltering courage, and having gone back to Africa with a full comprehension of what was before him, we are not surprised that he pursues his task not merely without repining, but with a sense of humor that seems to offend some of his critics. They have as little comprehension of the man as those critics of Abraham Lincoln, who could not believe that the Saviour of his Country indulged in humorous stories of a questionable character.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON A TOUR. SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, August 17, 1872.

Brigham Young and a party of Church officers are making a notable tour through the northern counties of the Territory. They are received by the Mormon people with processions, music, flags, ban-ners and flamers.

CAPSIZING OF A BOAT IN NEW YORK BAY.

FORT HAMILTON, N. Y., August 17, 1872. This evening, as William H. Rudkin, of William street, New York, with his wife, were out fishing in a small boat, they were run into by the steamboat Trenton and capsized near the Swash Channel. Messrs. James McNulty and Charles h. Losier, ol Brooklyn, who were in another small boat at a dis-tance, hastened to the scene, and through their exertions the parties were snally rescued.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S RETURN.

Mr. Greeley's Parting Speech at Rye Beach.

What He Knows About the Beauties of New Hampshire's Seaside Resorts.

ON TO NEW YORK VIA BOSTON

Mr. Greeley bade adjeu to Rye Beach this morning, in the midst of a driving rain storm. He rode in a close carriage from Mr. Jenness' cottage to Hampton Beach, a distance of some six miles, and thence a mile further, to Hampton station. At the various hotels at Hampton Beach-the Granites the Hampton Beach, the Boar's Head and the Ocean House-he was the object of a great deal of admiration. The rain cleared away and he entered most of these hotels in order to shake hands with the guests. At the Hampton Beach Hotel he found himself formally welcomed by Mr. George Lunt, of Boston, in a set speech, and he was

pelled to make a reply.

He spoke as follows:-

Lunt, of Boston, in a set speech, and he was competed to make a reply.

He spoke as follows:—

MR. GREELEY'S PARTING SPEECH.

MR. LUNT, LADIES AND GENTLEWEN—It has not been my good fortune—to spend any considerable per of my life at seaside resorts. I have been a hard worker all my life, and my work has been of that nature which required daily attention, so that I have rarely ever mingled in gatherings such as this, which I understand are for that laudable purpose, the pursuit of health. I have always understood, however, that one great specialty of the seashors was immunity from speechinaking. I have always understood that whatever was done here, this American matter of oratory did not descend to the beach. In the presence of the mighty ocean, which you continually hear rolling in upon you, and resorts such as this are not proof against temptation, so that on this oceasion a few words may be said. It has always been doubtful whether the mountains or the ocean present the better and stronger attractions for the weary worker. Some go to the mountains and rejoice there in the continued increase of strength. Others resort to the seaside and find there, in the ever-rolling wave and the fresh breezes, not unmingled, perhaps, with the pleasure of fish, their great attraction and deignt. I presume the wisest—perhaps is should say those better able to do it—try both; spend a few weeks at the seaside and then at the mountains, and this, I presume, is the best way; but this I know, that the seashore of my native State, which I never visited until yesterday, has marveidous attractions for me, at once of beauty and strength. It is so noble to coast that one might well wish it were longer—that

HOMEWARD BOUND.

At the conclusion he drove to the station and took the Eastern Railroad for Boston. There had been no previous intimation along the route that he was coming, except an item in the Boston papers that he was expected or else private telegrams; but, neverthiess, at every little station there were knots of people collected to see him, and at one or two places the crowds assumed, without prearrangement, the proportions of an ovation. At Newburyport he was compelled to appear on the platform and shake hands with a large crowd. They appeared to be quite enthusiastic, and one individual remarked :-

"We'll show 'em what we know about beans

next November, Uncle Horace." At Ipswich, Beverley, Salem and Lynn similar demonstrations were made, evidently impromptu and quite hearty.
On arrival at Boston, Mr. Greeley drove at once

to the Parker House, where he dined and where he was waited upon informally by a number of the political dignituries of Boston. He left this afternoon by the Old Colony train for Fall River, and will arrive in New York to-morrow (Sunday) morn-

THE "STAR IN THE EAST."

Great Preparations for an Exciting Campaign-A Call Issued to Union Soldiers of the State-A Grand Republican Demonstration to Take Place on the 27th Inst. PORTLAND, Me., August 17, 1872,

The next great political event of this season in this State will be the mass Convention of Union soldiers to be held in this city on the 27th inst. The call is to all Union soldiers in Maine who cherish the great principles for which the war was fought to a victorious end; who believe that a Union soldier who fought to save the Republic has larger claims upon the government than a rebel soldier who fought to destroy it; who believe in extending a just and generous hand to a defeated foe, but who are opposed to granting amnesty and pardon to such rebels as Jacob Thompson, who plotted the destruction of Northern cities by the most cruel incendiarism, involving the destruction of women and children; who believe that the Union soldiers are entitled to the largest pensions the government is able to pay, and who view with alarm even the remote intimation of placing the rebel soldiers on the same basis, which, if complished, would not only withhold much needed aid from those Union soldlers who were rendered helpless by their wounds, but would utterly confound all demonstrations of patriotism and treason, and would deprive the government in future exigencies of that loyalty and love on which it must always rely in times of great public peril; who believe that the present unparalleled and unjustifiable assault upon the private personal character of the President of the Cnited States—the first soldier of the age—are but the emanations of bitter partisan hostility, and should be rebuked and denounced by all who appreciate the honesty of the man and the modesty of the hero.

The call has the names of 1,000 soldiers in all parts of the State already appended, and additions are made by every mail. Invitations are to be extended to all the campaign clubs in the State, and an evening demonstration is expected that will equal the great torchlight procession of 1860. General Burnside, Senator Wilson, General Butler and General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, are extra trains and haif fares the committee expect to make this the greatest political gathering that ever has taken place in Maine. aid from those Union soldlers who were rendered

ANDY JOHNSON.

Speech of the Ex-President at Nashville-A Roundabout Way to Congress.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 17, 1872.

Andrew Johnson made his promised speech today at the Exposition building, in this city, to about three thousand people. It did not vary much from his Knoxville speech, though more elaborate. He referred to the general preference for military men for office, and warned the people against tay of evil tendency, and while speaking of amnesty asked amnesty for himself. It is inferred from this that he desires the nomination for Congress for the State at large.

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS.

BOSTON, Mass., August 17, 1872. It is stated that at a meeting of liberal republicans and democrats in Boston to-day, it was resolved to ask Charles Francis Adams to become their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. telegram on the subject is said to have been depatched to Geneva.

ALABAMA POLITICS.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., August 17, 1872. The republicans of the Second district of Alabama nominated J. T. Rapier (colored) for Congress on the first ballot, over C. W. Buckley, late member of